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ART. XVII.—*Switzerland ; or a journal of a tour and residence in that country, in the years 1817, 1818, and 1819 ; followed by an historical sketch on the manners and customs of ancient and modern Helvetia, in which the events of our own time are fully detailed, together with the causes to which they may be referred. By L. Simond. Two vols. London and Boston.**

MR SIMOND is well known to our readers by a former work—his journal of a tour and residence in Great Britain—one of the best books of travels in the most difficult country to treat, which this age of travellers has produced. Rumor has long preceded the present work, and we think it will be found on perusal not to disappoint the expectation, of which it has been the object. It is throughout sensible, entertaining, manly. The observations are those of an original and profound thinker, clothed in vigorous, often in beautiful and eloquent language. Facts are detailed with great accuracy, not always perhaps with severe selection ; with a little too much occasionally of the traveller's gossip. We know not, however, but it is the general dignity of Mr Simond's work, which leads us to this remark, and causes us to take exception to trifles in him, which in the mass of journalists, whose pages are filled with inanities as idle abroad as they are at home, would pass respectable muster. We have at all events read the work of Mr Simond with great avidity, and venture to promise the intelligent reader, that he will be entertained and instructed by it, in no ordinary degree.

Few persons possess greater advantages than Mr Simond for traversing this portion of the European continent. A Frenchman by birth, he is of course fully possessed of the language of the greater portion of the country surveyed by him, and of that aptitude to understand continental matters, which is a kind of instinct that no Englishman or American attains, short of a long domestication abroad. But this instinct and the possession of the European language are almost the only advantages which Frenchmen, as such, possess for travelling. They in fact travel little, and their accounts of their travels are generally worthless. Mr Simond, on the other hand, by having passed twenty years in America, to which he appears to have fled from the horrors of the French revolu-

* By Messrs Wells & Lilly.

tion, has formed his mind to the severer discipline of the English stock ; cast off all *spectacle*, unlearned the national vanity, which the French more than any other nation display ; and besides this, he appears to have made himself familiar with the most dignified and important studies. To those who look for science in a book of travels, who would have the margin a kind of *hortus siccus*, or a catalogue of fossils, his Switzerland will present few attractions. A little more geology, however, than all will understand, is introduced from time to time ; though this is clothed in popular language and made still more intelligible, by means of a few simple and well imagined wood cuts.

The two volumes of the work are disconnected with each other, the former only containing the journal, the latter the historical sketch. It cannot be denied that this division has led Mr Simond to protract each part, beyond its necessary limits ; while the plan of following his journal chronologically and setting down separate visits made to the same spot after a considerable interval, has occasioned the repetition of several remarks, some thrice and many twice. Mr Simond is a writer, who could afford to make a small book. His metal is too pure to make it necessary to catch the eye, by spreading it over a large surface ; its value would have been apparent in dimensions however small. As we trust moreover our acquaintance with him is not here to rest ; but that we shall, in due season, hear of him from the Ausonian bounds, we look forward with some concern to a proportionate number of volumes from Italy. With concern, not because we fear the volumes will be bad ; we should then have a speedy remedy : but because we doubt not they will be good ; and because in the region of the mind the reverse of Mr Malthus' doctrine seems to hold. In the physical world population increases geometrically and food arithmetically. In the mental, the quantity of intellectual aliment—the number of good books—increases so much faster than leisure or strength to consume them, that unless the Tartars take pity on us, and send us another Omar, there is danger of a general surfeit of the understanding. Since, however, the complaint against the multiplication of books comes with no very good grace from those, who, like ourselves, are favoring the public with one every three months, we shall without further ado proceed to share with our readers the gratification we have derived from perusing Mr Simond's Switzerland.

His notes begin with Fontainebleau, on the way to Switzerland, where he was shown 'the stairs, by which Napoleon came down to the great court, (to review for the last time the remnants of an army, with which he was going to part,) and the small table upon which he signed his abdication, as well as the mark of an angry kick which he gave to that table; an anti-chamber anecdote, adds Mr Simond, for the correctness of which I do not vouch. Another anecdote regards the pen, with which the emperor had signed his abdication. It became, as may be supposed, an object of great interest to curious or idle travellers visiting this place, that is to the English, who form the great majority of these travellers. One of them bought this valuable pen for much more than its weight in gold, to the great disappointment of those who followed. But the good nature of the domestic, who shews the apartment, suggested to him the expedient of supplying another pen, and it soon found an amateur, who would have it to himself. Matters could not stop there, and no English traveller has since been disappointed of the true pen of the abdication.' This expedient is in truth as old as relics themselves; and we have all heard of the standing miracle, which till late years was wrought at the tomb of Whitefield, in Newburyport, whose cassock, constantly cut off in fragments by the devout, was never found to grow narrower or shorter. Mr Simond saw also at Fontainebleau, the apartment where the present pope was confined. 'Bonaparte,' says he, 'treated the Roman pontiff alternately with great respect and much insolence; oppressing him at one time with his visits, and at another time remaining months without seeing him. One day, after an angry conversation, which went the length of threats on his part, he tried what soothing would do, to obtain his purpose, "*tragedia*," observed the old man, calmly, "*poi commedia* !"'

Mr Simond, with a few touches of his powerful pen, has conveyed, we presume, a very just idea of the state, in which the revolution found the rural gentry of France. 'Long before the revolution,' he remarks, 'Chateaux had been forsaken by their *seigneurs*, for the nearest country town, where *Monsieur le Comte* or *Monsieur le Marquis*, decorated with the cross of St Louis, made shift to live on his paltry seigniorial dues and rents, ill paid by a starving peasantry; spending his time in reminiscences of gallantry with the old dowagers of the place, who rouged and wore patches, dressed in hoops and

high heeled shoes of full four inches height, and long pointed elbow ruffles ballasted with lead. Not one individual of this good company knew any thing of what was passing in the world, or suspected any change had taken place, since the days of Louis XIV. No book found its way there, no one read even a newspaper. When the revolution burst upon this inferior nobility of the provinces, it appeared to them like Attila and the Huns to the people of the fifth century ; the scourge of God, coming nobody knew whence, for the mere purpose of destruction ; a savage enemy, speaking an unknown language, with whom no compromise could be made.'

Mr Simond took the road of Dijon, and his first halting place in Switzerland was Giez. Hence he made an excursion to 'Motiers-Travers, the retreat of Rousseau, and famous for his lapidation. His house is still shown, and his desk against the wall, where he wrote standing, and the two peeping holes, in a sort of wooden gallery up stairs, through which he could unperceived watch the people out of doors. Some old inhabitants remember the philosopher. It is now more than fifty years since he was here. They admit there were a few stones thrown at him or the house, by the boys of the village, but question whether it was on account of his writings, (*les lettres de la Montagne*,) and rather suppose they were instigated by his *gouvernante*, who was tired of the place, and wished to disgust him with it.'

At Yverdun, Mr Simond visited the famous school of Pestalozzi. 'The whole life of this well known veteran has been devoted to usefulness, but in endeavoring to promote the welfare of mankind, his own has been always out of the question. His apostolical poverty and simplicity, the homeliness of his appearance, and above all, his obscure and perplexed elocution, had never recommended his active and energetic virtues to the notice of the world, if public calamities had not called them forth into action on a conspicuous stage. The bloody 9th of September 1798, having left many children of Underwalden fatherless, Pestalozzi collected at Stantz about eighty of these destitute orphans, and undertook to provide for their wants of body and mind : but the house he occupied having been soon taken away from him for a military hospital, he had with his adopted family to seek shelter elsewhere. Berne provided him with another house, and made him liberal offers, but in the year 1804, he finally settled at Yverdun, where an

ancient castle was appropriated to the use of his school.' Of the value of Pestalozzi's methods, Mr Simond appears to have conceived no very exalted opinion. He examined several of the pupils as to the nature of their intercourse with their instructors, on the peculiar intimacy of which Pestalozzi rests the excellence of his system. The result of his inquiries was that 'the mode of teaching is in fact very little different from what it is in other schools. The masters teach arithmetic, geography, geometry, &c. from elementary books ; that is, dictate to the pupil his mode of proceeding : and as to *love and confidence*, Mr Pestalozzi is himself now too old to have much conversation with his pupils, and the masters under him see them at the hours of instruction, and love them about as much as in other schools masters love their scholars, and no more. *Aux taloches près*, this was the expression one of the pupils used ; excepting a box on the ear occasionally, there is nothing very paternal in their intercourse with their pupils ; and once the master for religious instruction in an angry moment, as I am told, burst one of the desks, with a blow of his fist. *Ce'st beau cela pour un maître de religion*, observed my informant ; an intelligent boy, who, however, had no dislike to the school, and no wish to leave it.'—'In 1814, when the allies were about establishing a military hospital at Yverdon, this venerable man having been deputed to Alexander, obtained for his town the exemption from this burthen, and was on the occasion decorated with a Russian order.

Under the head of Bâle, Mr Simond gives an interesting hint of a famous artist and his work. 'A multitude of eminent men were born or received their education in this town.* It is enough to name Erasmus, Euler, Bernouilli ; and in the arts, Holbein, who, notwithstanding his defects, rose so much above the general standard of his time. A copy of the *Eloge de la Folie*, with marginal drawings by him, is, we understand, preserved in the public library, but it is very doubtful, whether he had any thing to do, with the celebrated *Danse des Morts*, bearing his name. This celebrated composition was originally painted on the walls of a church yard, which it was found necessary to pull down seventeen years ago.

* We cannot help making a remark here on the use of this word. Since the municipal incorporation of Boston, many of our fellow citizens seem to think they sin against the charter by even speaking of it under the name of *town* : which, however, is in fact the true English appellation of a city, and applied to the oldest cities in Europe.

The picture having suffered much from long exposure, and being almost obliterated, was retouched, and perhaps wholly painted anew four different times in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and yet always retained the name of Holbein. This tradition is the only proof of his having painted it the first time.'—'The library of Bâle,' says Mr Simond, 'possesses twelve thousand medals, mostly found in the ruins of a Roman city in the neighborhood. It is surely a matter of surprise,' continues our author, 'that so many medals and species of coin, should have been found among the ruins of antiquity, implying, as they do, a much greater number still hidden. We moderns do not scatter about our money and other valuables in this manner; and when, some thousand years hence, London and Paris come to be dug out of corn fields on the banks of the Thames and the Seine, the pieces of gold, and silver, and brass picked up among the ruins, will still be Greek and Roman, with very few French and English. The reason must be, that now a days misers do not bury their treasures, which is assuredly all in favor of the modern state of society and security of property.' Mr Simond might also have said, that since the establishment of banks and the invention of bills of exchange, burying gold and silver is one of the least eligible ways of concealing property in troublous times.

The assembly of travellers of all nations at the falls of Schaffhausen, gives Mr Simond an opportunity of making a comparison between them. No part of his work is more attractive than those general observations, which our author makes in the cosmopolitan spirit derived from being a native of one country, a citizen of another, and a traveller in many others. The jealous English reserve is extremely well described in the passage which follows. 'There were other admirers here besides ourselves, some English and more Germans, who furnished us with an opportunity of comparing the difference of national manners. The former divided into groups, carefully avoiding any communication with each other, never exchanged a word, and scarcely a look, with any but the legitimate interlocutors of their own set; women adhering more particularly to the rule, from native reserve and timidity, full as much as from pride or extreme good breeding. The German ladies, on the contrary, contrived to *lier conversation* in indifferent French. With genuine simplicity, wholly unconscious of forwardness, although it might undoubtedly have been so qualified

in England, they begged of my friend to let them hear a few words in English, just to know the sound, to which they were strangers. If we are to judge of the respective merits of these opposite manners, by the impression they leave, I think the question is already decided by the English against themselves. Yet at the same time that they blame and deride their own proud reserve, and would depart from it if they well knew how, a few only venture. I really believe they are the *best bred* who thus allow themselves to be good humoured and vulgar.'

Mr Simond saw at Constance the hall, where the famous council sat, and repeats the mournful history of Huss. His reflections on the escape of the French regicides to Constance, are singularly impressive. 'Our guide,' says he, 'smiled again, when I asked him whether many of the French regicides had not taken shelter at Constance. *Yes*, he answered, *twenty-four of them*. The old fellows are seen *strolling together in the sun: nobody minds them now*. What, so soon, the men who could pass sentence of death on the king of France, and send him and soon after send daily hundreds of their fellow citizens to the guillotine! Those men of the convention, that made all Europe tremble, and whose troops laid this very town of Constance under contribution, are already so completely out of date as to be deemed *old fellows of no consequence*! And a simple man can now smile in contempt at proceedings so serious twenty-five years ago! This assuredly is a great and happy change! Walking further, our guide said, "that fine house yonder," pointing to the other side of the Rhine, "belonged to queen Hortense," and he smiled at the name of *queen Hortense*. Another dream vanished, thought we, or fashion gone bye. "But," added he, "she was a good lady, very charitable to the poor," and saying this he did not smile. May it be then—we trust it is—that there is, after all, nothing serious in the world, but those eternal principles of morality and religion to which men cling in sober moments, and to which they return after many criminal deviations; that there is no real greatness even in this world, but in a firm adherence to those principles; no durable admiration among men without esteem, and that even the lower part of mankind come at last to set the right value on the advantages this world affords, and distinguish between truth and falsehood.'

Mr Simond conducts us by a very interesting route, illustrating his progress by geological and historical remarks, by

economical and political observations and anecdotes from the recent military history of the times, into the heart of Switzerland. His description of the catastrophe of Goldau is remarkably good. This calamitous event is well known to our readers, from the fine description of it by Mr Buckminster, contained in a letter written from the spot but three weeks after the occurrence of the fatal disaster, and since published in the volume of his sermons. 'The summer of 1806,' says Mr Simond, 'had been very rainy, and on the first and second of September it rained incessantly. New crevices were observed in the flank of the mountain, a sort of cracking noise was heard internally, stones started out of the ground, and detached fragments of rock rolled down the mountain. At two o'clock in the afternoon of the second of September, a large rock became loose, and in falling raised a cloud of black dust. Toward the lower part of the mountain, the ground seemed pressed down from above, and when a stick or spade was driven in, it moved of itself. A man, who had been digging in his garden, ran away from fright at these extraordinary appearances. Soon a fissure larger than all the others was observed; insensibly it increased; springs of water ceased all at once to flow; the pine trees of the forest absolutely reeled; birds flew away screaming. A few minutes before five o'clock, the symptoms of some mighty catastrophe became still stronger. The whole surface of the mountain seemed to glide down, but so slowly as to afford time to the inhabitants to escape. An old man, who had often predicted some such disaster, was quietly smoking his pipe when told by a young man running by, that the mountain was in the act of falling. He rose and looked out, but came into his house again, saying he had time for another pipe. The young man continuing to fly, was thrown down several times, and escaped with difficulty. Looking back, he saw the house carried off all at once. Another inhabitant being alarmed took two of his children and ran away with them, calling to his wife to follow with the third. But she went in for another, who still remained—Marianne, aged five. Just then Francisca Ulrich, their servant, was crossing the room with this Marianne, whom she held by the hand, and saw her mistress. "At that instant," as Francisca afterwards said, "the house (which was of wood) appeared to be torn from its foundation, and spun round and round like a tetotum. I was sometimes on my head and sometimes on my feet, and

violently separated from the child." When the motion stopped, she found herself jammed in on all sides, with her head downwards, much bruised and in extreme pain. She supposed she was buried alive, at great depth. With much difficulty, she disengaged her right hand and wiped the blood from her eyes. Presently she heard the faint moans of Marianne, and called to her by her name. The child answered that she was on her back among stones and bushes, which held her fast, but that her hands were free, and that she saw the light and even something green. She asked whether people would not soon come and take them out. Francisca answered that it was the day of judgment, and that no one was left to help them, but that they would be released by death, and would be happy in heaven. They prayed together. At last Francisca's ear was struck by the sound of a bell, which she knew to be that of Steinenberg. Then seven o'clock struck in another village, and she began to hope there were still living beings, and endeavored to comfort the child. The poor little girl was at first clamorous for her supper; but her cries soon became fainter, and at last quite died away. Francisca, still with her head downward, and surrounded with damp earth, experienced a sense of cold in her feet almost insupportable. After prodigious efforts she succeeded in disengaging her legs, and thinks this saved her life. Many hours had passed in this situation, when she again heard the voice of Marianne, who had been asleep, and now renewed her lamentations. In the mean time, the unfortunate father, who with much difficulty had saved himself and two children, wandered about till day light, when he came among the ruins, to look for the rest of his family. He soon discovered his wife by a foot, which appeared above ground; she was dead, with a child in her arms. His cries, and the noise he made in digging, were heard by Marianne, who called out. She was extricated with a broken thigh, and saying that Francisca was not far off, a further search led to her release also, but in such a state that her life was despaired of. She was blind for some days, and remained subject to convulsive fits of terror. It appeared that the house, (or themselves at least,) had been carried down about one thousand five hundred feet from where it stood before.' Several other interesting anecdotes are related by Mr Simond of this catastrophe, but our limits will not permit us to quote them.

We are reluctantly compelled to join with Mr Simond, who follows the most approved modern authors, in questioning the authenticity of a portion of the story of Tell. A son of the famous Haller published a tract in 1760, in which he proved that the part of the story, which relates to the apple, was an imitation of a similar legend in Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish historian of the twelfth century. Haller's book was publicly burned by a decree of the exasperated people of the Waldstetten, and is now with difficulty to be found. It appears that a similar event is related to have happened in Switzerland itself a century earlier, and the whole account belongs rather to the region of mythology than that of history.

In the course of his work, Mr Simond carries us twice to Hofwyl and the famous establishment of Mr *Von Fellenberg*, (for being a German, we see no particular reason for always qualifying him with a *de.**) Our author is abundantly able to do justice to this topic, having made it the subject of particular attention, and having written the ample account of it, contained in the sixty-fourth number of the *Edinburgh Review*. We must confess that, with regard to this school, there has been sin both within the Trojan walls and without. Mr Von Fellenberg, with the enthusiasm pardonable in a man who has devoted his time and fortune to a great object—whose heart is wedded to it—and whose reputation is pledged on the result—is disposed somewhat to magnify his calling. His establishment consists, we presume our readers know, of a school for the higher classes, a poor school, and an agricultural establishment or seminary of improved farming. In the high school, there were in 1818 eighty boys of the best families in Europe, and Mr Von Fellenberg avowed it to be his object not only to make them wise, but good; and by thus sending out a tide of virtuous young men into the higher classes of society, Mr Von Fellenberg thinks he shall regenerate Europe. But the very proposition, without a moment wasted in comparing the enormous disproportion of the means controlled and the result proposed, carries its own confutation. The Rhone, and the Rhine, and the Danube, and the other great rivers which spring out of the

* The French writers often call him M. Fellembourg. Having observed the uncertainty of Mr Simond's orthography in some proper names, (as writing Wehrli sometimes Vehrly and sometimes Vehrli, but never quite right) we were about to say that the French are remarkable for mutilating proper names. A very respectable English magazine, however, for June, is before us, where repeated mention is made of the American Poem '*Yamaden*,' and of Dr *Seybright's* Statistical Annals.

glaciers of the Alps, within sight of Mr Von Fellenberg's observatory, have been pouring a stream of snow water into the ocean, since the world began, and still it is salt. Certainly if all the schools in the world turned out good boys, the promise for humanity, on the most favorable doctrine, could be no better than it is by nature. Children without sin become corrupt; and seventh form boys and senior sophisters are not to be educated into a more permanent purity than that of new born babes. It is evidently trying to disadvantage an experiment, which, under the best auspices, has failed. But, on the other hand, Mr Von Fellenberg is not to be derided. His establishments, it is true will not regenerate Europe; nay, not even the smallest canton in his own Switzerland; and though his eighty rich young men and forty poor ones go out into society pure as rain drops, they will be lost like drops in the great ocean of the European population, which will continue to be actuated by passions and interests, beyond the control of his thirty instructors. But his operations, as far as they go, are most deserving of praise. Of an ancient family and good fortune, he has given all up to forming the characters of the young, bettering the condition of the poor, assuaging the hardships and directing the labors of the peasantry, and his money and influence are certainly better employed than in laying out pleasure grounds, shooting grouse, fighting duels, or fitting out huge pipes of wine to circumnavigate the world.

The lovers of sentiment will be shocked to hear Mr Simond say that 'Clarens is a dirty village, less prettily situated than any in the neighborhood, and chosen by Rousseau for no better reason, than a well sounding name; otherwise he would have chosen the beautiful village of Moutreux, hard by. Not a gentleman's house could we see, fit to lodge the Baron d'Etange, unless it were the chateau de Chatelard, a good deal above it.' Here, however, we are constrained to differ from Mr Simond, and think the village as good as its inhabitants, whom all the eloquence of Rousseau, himself vulgar in grain, has not written into gentlemen and ladies. We are not disposed to make uncharitable comparisons between the morals of his heroes and heroines, and those of the *haut ton* at Paris and London; but we cannot but think St Preux and his mistress exceeding sorry people, and wonder they have been admitted into good company. It would be arrogant in us to dispute the fidelity with which Rousseau drew from life.

We cannot help thinking in fact there is a little more fidelity than he or his admirers admit ; and that he painted only from the pretty gross associations of his own experience.

In describing Gibbon's house at Lausanne, Mr Simond, if we mistake not, has omitted a circumstance that struck us as the most singular about it. We refer to small bits of tin, on which are painted, in black letters, certain striking phrases and remarkable quotations, and which are nailed up on the walls of the rooms, and of the passages and the posts of the piazza. 'Gibbon,' says our author, 'has not left here a pleasing remembrance of himself. Whimsically particular about his hours, very selfish, disgusting in his appearance, an English traveller published an account of him and his mode of life, absurd and rather offensive. Yet a gross mistake he had committed was so gratifying to Gibbon, that he forgave all the rest, he said that the historian rode on horseback every morning : ' a thing rendered impossible by the personal infirmity under which he labored.

Mr Simond's remarks on Madame de Stäel are highly interesting ; he appears to us to have done good justice to her character in some contested particulars.* He gives us among others, the following pretty anecdote. 'While at Coppet an anecdote told us by an intimate friend of the family (M. de Bonstetten) recurred to me. He was then twenty five or six years old ; and walking about the grounds, as we were then doing, he was struck with a switch behind a tree. Turning round he observed the little rogue laughing ; *mamma wants me*, cried she, *to learn to use my left hand, and I was making a beginning.*'

'She stood,' continues Mr Simond, 'in great awe of her mother, and was very familiar with her father, as well as dotingly fond of him. One day, after dinner, as the former rose first and left the room, the little girl, till then on her good behavior, all at once seizing her napkin, threw it across the table, in a fit of mad spirits, at her father's head ; then ran round to him, and hanging about his neck allowed him no opportu-

* We have scarce thought it worth while, in making our extracts from Mr Simond's work, to quarrel with a few inaccuracies which we have noticed. The following may, however, be mentioned as an inconstancy of remark somewhat curious. Page 287, Mr S. remarks, 'it is a common aphorism, and a wise one as all aphorisms are,' &c. in a paragraph relating to Madame de Stäel. Page 341, speaking again of Madame de Stäel, we find the phrase, 'a living contradiction of the witty, but false aphorism,' &c. We might easily grant that a false aphorism, can be witty, but not wise, as all aphorisms, in the first extract are alleged to be.

nity for reproof.'—'Mr Necker was—no one would have guessed it from his writings—full of humor, and apt to see things in a ludicrous point of view. He did not hold forth as Madame de Stäel was wont to do. He was even rather silent, but made sly remarks and sharp repartees. He wrote several witty plays, as M. de Bonstetten, who saw them, assured me ; but when appointed a minister of state, thinking it against the *bienséance* of the situation to publish any thing but a *compte rendu* or grave works of morality, and afraid of being drawn into temptation, he burned his plays.'

Mr Simond's visit to Chamouni is highly engaging, and in fact we know of nothing in the world more likely to be attractive, in the hands of an intelligent traveller, than the various phenomena that present themselves on the summits of the Alps. There are two appearances in those regions, to each of which Mr Simond alludes, but without favoring us, that we have observed, with an explanation. One of these is the *moving* of the glaciers in a mass. An accurate idea of this phenomenon can scarcely be had, except by ocular inspection : a satisfactory explanation of it we have never seen. The portion of the Alpine ridge, at the foot of which the vale of Chamouni is situated, consists of several lofty and pointed elevations of granite called *needles* ; of which the highest, but the least pointed, is Mont Blanc. Between these several summits or needles, there are of course vast chasms, which would be called vallies, were there any vegetation on their sides. Instead of vegetation the summits of the needles, when not too pointed, and the sides of these clefts or chasms are covered with snow. In the summer season, the intense heat of the sun melts, in the day time, a portion of these snows, though the water thus formed, immediately settling into the mass of eternal snow beneath, is converted into ice. By this process, the snow in these chasms is gradually converted into ice, and the glacier is formed. Every summer, although a part of the volume of the glacier melts and flows down, and goes off in various rivers, an addition is made to the glacier, by the melting of new snows and by the congelation of the water thus formed, till the chasm between two adjacent needles is in part or wholly filled up by the mass. Now this mass of ice thus imbedded in its rocky matrix, frozen down to its rough basis by gradual congelation, often miles in length, and hundreds of feet in width and depth, and of course enormously heavy, is satisfactorily ascertained

to move or travel forward in a mass. Travellers and geologists briefly answer that it is detruded by its own weight. In some cases, however, as in the glacier of Montanvert, which is at once the largest and most apparently in motion, the declivity on which it moves is very inconsiderable ; not great enough to give the body of ice motion, even were there no resistance. But when we consider the enormous resistance, which must arise from the manner in which this prodigious mass, some miles long and hundreds of feet deep and high, was gradually frozen into its bed, we shall be led to examine carefully this hypothesis, before we adopt it. The chief agent in producing this motion appears to be the new ice formed at the higher part of the glacier by the melting of the snows ; which, instead of accumulating on the top, as we should be prepared to expect, forms at the bottom, dislodges, and heaves up the old ice. By the constant repetition of this process the mass of the glaciers becomes cleft with frightful transverse fissures ; and by the time it reaches the outlet of the chasm, in which it has been formed, is broken into chaotic masses, and presents an aspect of primeval desolation. The other appearance, of which a satisfactory explanation is yet wanted, is that of the *moraines*, as they are called. This is a sort of shore or bank of rocks and fragments of rocks, which the glacier brings down from the mountain, and which are heaped up in a regular row on either side of the glacier, like the sea-wreck on the beach after a high tide. The glacier of Montanvert, just above Chamouni, which is justly called the sea of ice, presents this appearance in its most imposing form. There are, on one side of the glacier, two and even three parallel *moraines*, running each five or six miles (for this mighty glacier is so long) along the edge of the sea of ice, with an interval between them. This appearance may have been produced by the glacier having in a warm or rainy summer melted very much, and left its line of wreck high on the side of the valley. Less copious thaws, after a long lapse of years, may have formed a second and third range ; giving the whole the appearance of rude and ruinous walls, dividing the glacier into parallel portions. It is easy to see, however, that there are considerable difficulties in this explanation, which, as we cannot remove them, we will not consume time in stating. Nothing can give a more lively idea of desolation, than these *moraines*. They are partly composed of enormous and shapeless blocks

of granite, such as no human engineery could heave, and partly of gravel formed by the grinding up of smaller rocks, in the descent of the glacier. And where in some narrower pass, the whole force of the travelling ice has been applied to the rocky side of the valley, it has ploughed it out and excavated it, in a fearful manner. The materials thus collected are thrown up and piled together, with no other order, than a general rectilinear direction ; and in order to reach and traverse the sea of ice, on the way to the Jardin Vert, which travellers occasionally visit, it is necessary to climb over this wall of desolation. Mr Simond was prevented from ascending the Montanvert, which is a sight never to be forgotten by the traveller, who may chance to see it at midnight, by the full moon shedding its quiet beams on the cold and desolate summits of the surrounding needles and the wild and terrific waves and dreary ridges of the sea of ice, while nothing is heard but the tinkling of the cow bell from a few droves, that pass the summer on this almost inaccessible elevation, and the solemn roaring of the Arveiron that gushes from beneath, from the lower extremity of the glacier.

Mr Simond takes occasion of a visit made from Switzerland to Lyons to describe this latter city, of which he appears to be himself a native ; as he informs us that his father perished on the ramparts, the day before the surrender of Lyons, and that a brother belonged to the devoted troop, that, under the Count de Precy, cut its way through the besieging army, the morning of the surrender. Returned to Geneva, a considerable portion of the volume is devoted by our author to an account of this city ;—an account remarkably judicious and instructive in itself, but protracted perhaps beyond the limits due to a single city. One sentence in this part of the work conveys, in expressive words, an image of what it is almost worth a voyage to Geneva to behold.—‘ The Rhone, of a brighter blue than the heavens, and perfectly transparent, darts through the town with a swiftness, which the eye can scarcely dwell upon.’ If instead of the ordinary bridge and the mills which disfigure this most enchanting spot, such a bridge as that of the Trinity at Florence were thrown across the outlet of the lake of Geneva, it would certainly be the most beautiful sight in Europe.

To illustrate the excellence of female education in Geneva, our author gives us the following striking anecdote. ‘ Mr de Candole, professor of botany, at Geneva, but whose reputation

is European, made use, in a course of lectures of a very valuable collection of drawings of American plants, entrusted to him by a celebrated Spanish botanist, Mr Mosino, who having occasion for this collection sooner than was expected, sent for it back again. Mr de C. having communicated the circumstance to his audience, with the expression of his regrets, some ladies who attended the lectures offered to copy, with the aid of their friends, the whole collection *in a week*, and the task was actually performed. The drawings, eight hundred and sixty in number, and filling thirteen folio volumes, were executed by one hundred and fourteen female artists. One indeed of the ladies alone did forty of them. In most cases the principal parts only of each plant are colored, the rest only traced with accuracy; the execution in general very good, and in some instances quite masterly. There is not perhaps another town of twenty-three thousand souls, where such a number of female artists, the greatest part of them of course amateurs, could be found. Notwithstanding the wide dispersion of the drawings, there were not any lost, and one of them having been accidentally dropped in the street, and picked up by a girl ten years old, was returned to Mr de Candolle, copied by the child, and is no disparagement to the collection. On another occasion several drawings were carried to a wrong house, but there too they found artists able and willing to do their part. This taste for the arts and for knowledge in general, is universal. I noticed a very good drawing at a watch maker's: *that is my sister's*, said the man. Old Spon [Histoire de la ville de Geneve] lay on the table: *his wife was reading it.*

Mr Simond gives a very interesting account of the inundation in the Val de Bagne, in the year 1818, occasioned by the bursting out of a lake formed by the accumulation of the Dranse, behind a barrier of ice. A still more detailed account, however, of the same catastrophe, translated from one of the numbers of the Alpen Rosen, was published last year in a newspaper in Boston, and we forbear to repeat it.

The following anecdote is much to the credit and good sense of the present emperor of Austria. 'Joseph,' says Mr Simond, 'when in Switzerland shewed much ill humor and an old grudge of five hundred years, against the unfranchised vassals of his family. But the present emperor, on a similar occasion, behaved very differently. "*Vraiment* (he observed at the sight of the

ruins of the castle at Hapsburg) *je vois que nous n'avons pas toujours été grands seigneurs.*" ' We do not know why Mr Simond should make the emperor of Austria speak French, nor why, on the same leaf, he should call the language at Berne a dialect of German, or say that the German literature is less cultivated or known to the Bernese than the French. This statement appears to us wholly gratuitous. Well educated men in this, as in other parts of Switzerland, may be something more likely than the Germans in general to understand French, but German is their language, their children are sent to German universities, and the prejudices against every thing French, particularly since the overthrow of Bonaparte, are bitter. Mr Simond moreover is inaccurate in calling Wyttenbach the contemporary of Haller, and saying that he is ranked in *Germany* among the greatest humanists of the eighteenth century. Wytttenbach was educated, it is true, in Germany, but acquired all his reputation in Holland, and as he died within two years, can scarcely be spoken of as a contemporary of Haller, who died in 1777.

Under the head of Geneva, Mr Simond describes a very curious feature of their society, which we shall give somewhat at length, in his own words. 'A stranger,' says he, 'when first admitted to some sort of familiar intercourse at Geneva, soon takes notice of certain endearing epithets, which women of all ages are in the habit of bestowing on each other, such as *mon cœur, mon choux, ma mignone, mon ange*. The objects of this interchange of endearment, I was told, are women of some *Sunday society*. This explanation only increasing my curiosity, I made further inquiries, of which the following was the result. Both boys and girls are from their birth associated to other children of the same age and sex. Treaties of marriage for their children are concluded finally between parents before the children are born, and negotiations have been known to take place in regard to those that never were born. The boys, under the designation of the same *volée*, and the girls of the same *Sunday society*, meet at some of the parents' houses every Sunday; but neither fathers nor mothers nor even brothers or sisters, unless of the same society, are present. A *gôûter*, or sort of light supper, is given to them, composed of fruit, pastry, &c. of which, being left to their own control, they partake at discretion, and do and say what they please. A sort of natural subordination soon establishes itself among

them. The cleverest and most good natured, the strongest and the wisest, soon acquire an influence over the others, which increases gradually with age. Young men of the same *volée* remain as such united at college, and until their dispersion over the world ; but even then they retain always a strong predilection in favor of their early companions. They feel no jealousy of a superiority insensibly established and acknowledged by themselves. It reflects credit on the whole *volée* or *société* ; the merits of one member are the boast of all ; and thus twelve individuals are led to take the best among them for their model. There have been examples of young female orphans extremely well educated by their *société* ; others have there found means to counteract the bad education they received at home ; but there is not one instance of a whole association being contaminated by the vicious propensities of an individual. Young women, left to their own guidance under the safeguard of their innocence and mutual protection, at the age of fifteen, as well as at five, go out where they please, unattended, without any questions being asked or any inconvenience found to result from the liberty given them. There are very few instances indeed, of women above the very lowest class, married or not, whose conduct is suspected. Women, generally doomed to live and die where they are born, and whose friendships are rarely interrupted by any long absence, being gentler, more affectionate, and caressing than men, retain habitually through life, in speaking to one another, those youthful expressions of fondness, which had attracted my notice : but men as well as women always make a great difference between friends of their *société* and those who are not. It has been said of Geneva, that however long a stranger may live there, or be of all the *soirées*, he never will get farther. This must be explained. Not being of any man's *volée*, he will not be treated with the familiarity of an object of intimate association, from the earliest infancy. These are the friendships described by Montaigne, which the stranger would not probably have met with in his own country, and may therefore dispense with at Geneva. Young women meet by themselves till one of them marries. The husband becomes *ipso facto* of the Sunday society of his wife ; other men not married are from that moment admitted ; each of the girls designates those which she wishes to invite, who are admitted, if none of the rest have any objections. This is a great change.

The young people of the two sexes now learn to know each other, and most marriages originate in this manner, being seldom the result of mere prudential arrangements made by the parents. Some matches occur unequal in point of fortune, but very few between persons of unequal and incompatible tempers. Husbands are, as we have seen, of the society of their wives, quitting those to which they had previously belonged ; the wife therefore determines the *caste* of the husband. It is not uncommon for men of the *haute société* of Geneva to be seen there no more, after they have married beneath them. This is not an exclusion, but a voluntary estrangement, of which the motive does them credit.'

Some very curious anecdotes are told of Voltaire and Rousseau toward the close of Mr Simond's volume, but we have not space to quote them, and we are compelled to draw our notice of the work to a conclusion, without having said any thing of the second volume, which contains the history of Switzerland, or having alluded to very many interesting topics in the first. Considering it the work of a native Frenchman, it is a miracle of good writing ; few English books of the day being better written. We venture to commend it accordingly, to the gentlemen on the other side of the Atlantic, who talk about the American language ; Mr Simond having learned his English, as much more nervous and genuine for instance than Eustace's as can be imagined, some where between Pearl street and St John's, in New York. We cannot but recommend it in the highest terms to the public, and assure them they will find it not at all unworthy Mr Simond's high reputation ; and a very reputable accession to the literature of America.

ART. XVIII.—*Message from the President of the United States, transmitting the information required by a resolution of the House of Representatives of the 16th of February last, in relation to Claims set up by Foreign Governments, to Territory of the United States upon the Pacific Ocean, north of the forty-second degree of latitude, &c. April 17, 1822.*

THE measures lately adopted by the Russian government, in relation to the northwestern coast of the American continent, are of so extraordinary a character, that we cannot re-